Numb 105.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Non propter vitam faciunt Patrimonia quidam
Sed vitio cæci propiter Patrimonia vivunt. Juvenal.

From Monday March 13, to Wednesday March 15, 1710.

Artesia's Day.

From my CLOSET.

IF there be no real Happineſs without Content, it is Demonſtration, that no body can be truly Happy who has the leaſt Ambition: Then why ſhould that Reſtleſs Graſping of theMind be counted one of the neceſſary Ingredients to make up the Felicity of the Great Ones? —— *Seneca*, and all the Moraliſts may ſay what they pleaſe, but there is no general Definition to be given of Happineſs, unleſs all Mankind had the ſame Aim, and agreed in their Wiſhes. Yeſterday I Dined at a Relations, where we had the Company of Three Eminent Merchants, that happen'd to be very Sociable and Entertaining: I was particularly pleaſed with the Eldeſt, a Man of near Fourſcore, whoſe Name was *Laborio*; I had obſerv'd, that my *Cozen*,as well as the reſt,were very Merry upon him, for his Diligence and Induſtry in getting a Penny; but not knowing the Gentleman nor his Circumſtances, what they ſaid was no Jeſt to me, till at laſt I heard one of them ſay, 'Is it poſſible, *Laborio*, 'that a Man of your Age and Eſteem ſhould Riſe every 'Morning before Five a Clock, and ſit pouring on 'his Books in his Counting-houſe all the Forenoon, 'when he has neither Chick nor Child, nor Body but 'himſelf to provide for, with as much Aſſiduity and 'Care as if he was a Young Beginner, and had a Wife 'with half a Score Children to take Care of. I al-'ways thought it was Covetouſneſs, till I ſaw you 'part with ſuch Conſiderable Sums to your Extrava-'gant Nephew; but a Man that cannot live upon 'Fifteen Hundred a Year, which his Father left him, 'ſhould live without for me.——If I was You, in-'ſtead of ſlaving to maintain ſuch a Nephew and his 'vain Expence, I ſhou'd beg his Pardon and take my 'Eaſe and Pleaſure.—— At the word Pleaſure the 'Old Gentleman Smiled, and repeating it, ſaid, No 'body takes it more than I; but the queſtion is, *Sir*, 'what you call Pleaſure, I declare that I know none 'ſo great as getting of Money; my Nephew ſpends a 'great deal indeed, but then he does it very hand-'ſomely; he has a Curious Library, aNoble Collection 'of Pictures, his Houſe is exquiſitely furniſhed, and 'every thing about him admirably well choſe.

'From the Gay and Proſperous Air, with which 'he makes uſe of the beſt that Money can purchaſe, I 'ave reaſon to think that he takes a real Delight in 'ending it, but I don't believe it is to be compar'd 'what I find in Getting of it. I have learnt by 'Experience, that we are all very unequitable Judges 'of one anothers Pleaſure: I love a Hare when 'tis 'larded, and I can Eat very heartily of a Ven'ſon 'Paſty, and yet when I have heard the Yelping and 'Howling, and all the untunable Noiſes of Dogs, 'mix'd with the more provoking hollowing of Huntſ-'men, their frightful Imitators, I have often won-'der'd, how a ſenſible Man that might live at quiet, 'cou'd chuſe to follow the hideous Conſort, and ſub-'mit to all the fatigues of an *Expreſs*, or rather a Man 'that flies for his Life over Hedge and Ditch, in run-'ning after a Hare or a Stag for ſeveral Hours, with 'the hazard of breaking his Neck, for no other ſatis-'faction than ſeeing a Glympſe of them now and 'then.—But then on the other ſide, I have thought 'it impoſſible that ſo many People ſhould be ſuch 'Fools, unleſs there had been a Pleaſure in Hunting, 'which I did not reliſh, and conſequently could be 'no Competent Judge of. Some never think them-'ſelves Happy but in the Enjoyment of a Thing, 'whilſt the Happineſs of others conſiſts in the Purſuit 'only; they that are the moſt eager at the Sport are 'commonly the leaſt Admirers of the Ven'ſon itſelf. 'I allow that Money is worth no more than what 'you can buy for it; but if I take no manner of De-'light, as I really do not in a great many Things that 'I could buy, I am ſure that I enjoy the ſame ſatis-'faction in the keeping of my Money, that a Sovereign 'has in being poſſeſs'd of a Power which he don't 'care to exert. My Nephew was brought up what 'they call a Gentleman, and does a great many things 'with a good Grace, that wou'd look very awkard 'in me; Don't you think, that when I hear any bo-'dy commend his fine Equipage, I am more pleaſed 'with the thoughts of the Worlds knowing that I 'furniſhed him with the means of keeping it, than if 'I was actually to be troubled with it my ſelf: You'll 'ſay this is Vanity, I don't deny it, but would it not 'be a more Prepoſterous and Ridiculous One, if to 'make a Shew I ſhould force Things upon my ſelf 'againſt my Years and Inclination, rather than ſee 'my Nephew, my Heir, my Younger Self, make uſe 'of them, whilſt his Age, Inclination and Wiſhes re-'quire them? But if I ſhould refuſe to pay for the 'Splendor he lives in, his Inclinations being bent that 'way, he would ſtill aim at it, and the Conſequence 'of that wou'd be, either my Nephew ſhould give 'great Extortion for Money to be paid when I am 'gone, or by curbing his Humour make all the World 'ſay, *How handſomely that Gentleman would live, if his Rich Uncle was once Dead; what Pity 'tis that Old Fel-low ſhould live ſo long in his way!* To prevent the

'ſhift

'first is nothing but my Own Intereſt, for I muſt either 'be a very Ill Huſband or an Egregious Fool, to let 'my Executor pay Twenty *per Cent* for Money that 'was taken up, when I let others have it for Six; and 'as to the latter, I ſhould have but ſmall Comfort in 'my Life, if I knew that the neareſt Relation I have, 'that is to enjoy what I leave, ſhould in the Opini'on of every body have ſo much reaſon hourly to 'pray for my Death.

'So much for my Pleaſure; but I forgot to tell 'you, that having the Plenty you know, and a won'derful ſtock of Health, I am not diſpleaſed with the 'World as it is; I wou'd willingly live as long as I 'can, and never forgive my ſelf, if I ſhould think 'that in any thing I had been Acceſſory to my own 'Death. Having acquainted you with this, I ſhall 'ſpeak of my Eaſe: As to my being up before Five, 'I go to Bed before Ten, I generally Sleep as ſoon as 'I am there, and conſtantly wake about Four; I ne'ver was Married, always hated the Bed when once 'I was awake, and as well as I love Money, would 'not ſtay there after that for Five Pounds an Hour: 'So that there is no uneaſineſs in my Riſing, and be'fore I am Up, unleſs it be warm Weather indeed, 'there is a Fire light in my Counting-houſe Nine 'Months in the Year: That I buſy my ſelf there all 'the Forenoon is true; but to People that take Plea'ſure in getting Money, looking after their Buſineſs 'is a Diverſion. This has been my Mornings Exer'ciſe ever ſince I began to Trade for my ſelf; and 'would you adviſe me at theſe Years to leave off a 'Cuſtom which I have followed theſe Fifty Six Years, 'for a new Paſtime that I ſhould yet have to ſeek? 'This alteration far from giving me Eaſe, would be 'very troubleſome to my Mind, if not prejudicial to 'my Health. My Diet is plain, yet I have always 'two Diſhes of Meat, tho I ſeldom taſte of more than 'one. My Houſe is very Convenient, I have never 'a Chimney in it that Smoaks; my Bed, my Chairs, 'and every thing I make uſe of, to my thinking, are 'all very eaſy: I take all the Care I can, and ſpare 'no Coſt to have 'em ſo. Three Years ago my Shoe'maker dy'd, and I was half a Year before I could 'be fix'd again, or meet with any body that could 'make them to my liking; I can't imagine how it is 'poſſible to take more Eaſe than I do. A Coach I 'wou'd keep, if I had any body to Ride in it; but I 'love to go on Foot, it always agreed with me, and 'every body tells me it is good for my Health. I 'could Walk yet Ten Miles in a Day, but I have not 'cared for the Country ever ſince I came out of it; 'the City Smoak that People finds ſo much fault 'with, was never offenſive to me, and I don't go out 'of the reach of it once in a Twelvemonth: The moſt 'of my Travels is from Home to the *Exchange*, and 'from the *Exchange* Home again; thoſe are the two 'Places I love: The *Turky* and Eaſt-Country Walks 'are better to me than all the Gravel Walks in the 'Kingdom; thoſe I call my Garden, there have I 'pick'd the Fruits that I enjoy. Laſſes I have met 'with a great many, but I am ſo much above the 'World, and Trade ſo much within Compaſs of my 'Stock, that it is many Years ago ſince I have been 'diſcompos'd by any.

'In theſe Things I take all the Eaſe and Pleaſure I 'am capable of: If you can make any Additions to 'either, without deſtroying what I have already, I 'ſhall be very much oblig'd to you, without grudg'ing the Charge; for tho I hate to be impoſed upon, 'yet I ſtint no body of his due, all People are willing 'to be employ'd by me, and I ſee that when I beſpeak 'or order any thing, they go about it with Joy and 'Alacrity —— Here the Old Gentleman left off, and thoſe that had Jeer'd him for his Frugality and the Pains he took, thought themſelves ſo well anſwer'd, that they had not a Word to reply.

I was very much pleaſed with the Facetious Account he had given us of his manner of Living, and thought him more than ordinarily happy in the Enjoyment of a real Pleaſure, which few Rich People have Heart to Purchaſe; that is, to be aſſured of the Love and receive the unfeigned Thanks of their Heirs whilſt Alive.

We receeived the Letter concerning the Barber in Little Suffolk-Street, *the Perſon that Writ it may expect an Anſwer in a few Days.*

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